

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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**AUTUMN.**  
There's somethin' in the burnin' Of the sun, as he goes down, That's bittin' of the turnin' Of the leaves to gold and brown.

The air is getting clearer On the valley an' the plain, For the winter's drawin' nearer With its sunshine an' its rain. You kin see the blue smoke curlin' From a hundred happy huts, An' kin hear the sudden droppin' Of the heavy hick'ry nuts. An' the days is feelin' softer An' the nights is growin' chill, An' the wind is makin' music Down the valley, up the hill.

Oh! the mellow, yellow autumn! It is happy on the way, An' the sweet days seem a mixture Of the summer an' the May. An' the world is sweetly dreamin' Where the dreams is brightest—best, An' her mountains an' her meadows Sing a song of peace and rest!  
—Frank L. Staunton

**Catching Mountain Trout at An Elevation of 8000 Feet.**

A few days ago, in company with Dr. Hayford, I went over to Dale Creek on a brief extempore trout expedition. Dale creek is a beautiful and romantic stream running through a rugged canon and crossed by the beautiful iron bridge of the Union Pacific Railroad. We went up on No. 4 and returned on No. 3.

Dale Creek at this season of the year is not very much of a torrent, and on the day we went over there all the trout had gone down to the mouth of the stream to get a drink.

Every little while the Doctor would put on his glasses and hunt for the creek while I caught grasshoppers and looked at the scenery.

I did not catch any trout myself, but the Doctor dove one into a prairie-dog hole and killed him. I am frankly fond of field sports although I am not always successful in securing game. I love to wander through the fragrant grass and wild flowers, listening to the song of the bobolink as he sways to and fro on some slender weed; but it delays me a good deal to stop every little while and cut my fly hooks out of my clothes. I throw a fly very gracefully, but when it catches under my shoulder blades, and I try to lift myself up in that manner, my companions laugh at me and make me mad.

Dr. Hayford, who had command of the expedition, told me that we would have an hour and three quarters to fish and then we would have to go back and catch the train. Therefore we hurried a good deal, and I had to leave a decrepit trout that I had found in a dead pine tree and was almost sure of. We gathered a bouquet of wild roses and ferns and cut worms and went back to the bridge to wait for No. 3.

We sat there for an hour or two on a voluptuous triangular fragment of granite, telling large three-ply falsehoods about catching fish and shooting elephants in Michigan. Then we waited two or three more long weary hours, and still the train didn't come.

After a while it occurred to me that I had been made the victim of the man who had spent the most of his life telling the public about the weather of Wyoming. He enjoyed my misery and cheered me up by saying that perhaps our train had gone, and we would have to wait for the emigrant train.

We ate what lunch we had left, told a few more lies, and suffered on. At last the thunder of the train in the distance was borne down to us, and we rose with a sigh of relief gathered up our bouquets and decomposed trout, and prepared to board the car. But it was a work train and didn't stop.

Then I went away by myself and tried to control my fiendish temper. I thought of the doctor's interesting family at home, and how they would mourn if I were to throw him over Dale Creek bridge and pulverize him on the rocks below. So my better nature conquered and I went back to wait a few

more weeks. The next train that came along was a freight train, and it made better time going past us than at any other point on the road.

Toward evening the regular passenger train came along. I found out which coach the doctor was going to ride in, and I got into another one. I took my poor withered little bouquet and looked at it. All the flowers were dead and so were the bugs that were in it. It was a ghastly ruin that had cost me \$9.25. An idea struck me, and I gave the bouquet to the train boy to sell. I told him what the entire array of ghastliness had cost me, and asked him to get what he could out of it.

He took the collection and sold it out to the passengers, realizing, \$21.35. Passengers bought them and sent them home as flowers collected at Dale Creek bridge on the Rocky mountains. Then a kind hearted gentleman on the train, who saw how sad I looked, and how ragged my clothes were, where I had cut fish-hooks out of them, took up a collection for me. Hereafter when a man asks me to join a fishing excursion to the mountains, I hope that I shall have the moral courage and strength of character to refuse.

BILL NYE.

**An Ugly Page of History.**

In a recent number of the chief Church paper of the Congregationalists, is contrasted the treatment of the Boers by England and the infamous reign of the Carpet-bagger and Scallawag by favor of Congress. This journal of Boston could not suppress its shame and indignation at the era of Reconstruction with the crooked soul in a deformed body of old Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, with a negro wife, as its leading spirit.

This hideous orgie of the vile crew of imported jail-birds and native knaves cannot be pictured by the new generation. And this raid of thieves of low degree harked on by a Congress occurred in a Republic. We do not wonder that all men, North, West, South, blush at the filthy harpies banqueting on a high civilization and befouling places which statesmen once adorned.

While in conversation with a citizen on a chief street of Richmond, he called attention to a dilapidated and ancient negro passing along the sidewalk near us. We gave the old creature a scrutiny.

He seemed a genuine African of unmixed blood. He was in rags and tatters. The fragments of shoes flapped on the pavements as he jerked foot after foot. He had the outward look of general decay, mangy, unwashed, bloated, with brandy burns cropping out on his puffed face, which was swollen till the taut skin took on a dingy rust color along the cheek and chin over the priming pigment of soot. The dull ochre on the tight space of his jaws suggested cotton seed oil seen through tripe. He had the characteristic of a professional chicken thief.

"Do you know who that negro is?" I gave a negative motion of the head. We were told that he was the noted negro member of the Virginia Constitutional Convention held a few years after the close of hostilities. He was one of the representatives from the capital of Virginia. This ignorant, illiterate, voluble negro bellowed daily during the sessions. There were a few Virginians equipped for the preparation of a Constitution, but they were too few to compass any good. The majority were made up of negroes utterly without the sense or information needed for such work. The immigrants who had left their native State for its good were usually called "Carpetbaggers," as their entire worldly goods were found easy accommodation in a handy traveling case.

General Scottell, in his book, alludes to this gang as ignorant as infamous. This fifth old negro, Lewis Lindsey, flourished as a chief captain. A Constitution was made by Butler, called, "The Beast," for which he was well paid, that united Northern habits and this k-settled States, but worse than worthless for Virginia.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Lafferty, in Richmond Christian Advocate,

## WAR REMINISCENCE.

### COL RUST'S CHEAT MOUNTAIN AFFAIR. NO. 1.

#### A Confederate Raid through a Pathless Forest.

On page 450 Pocahontas Sketches something is said about Col. Rust and John Yeager jr., passing into the Federal encampment on Cheat Mountain made careful observations and withdrew without arousing suspicion as to the purpose of their presence in the garrison. This was one of the most daring feats of the West Virginia campaign, so far as I am advised. Two attempts were made to capture it. Miss Emma Burner of Cass, has furnished the following particulars to the route taken. The Greenbrier was crossed at the Collins fording, now Hosterman, thence to the Back Mountain road a little east of Jackson Moore's, thence proceeding North-West, crossed Cheat River several miles above the bridge, then aiming to keep the same course to the West tip of Cheat, crossed over finally reached the Mace neighborhood, miles away from the point in view. In the second attempt, Col. Rust took the same route to the East top of Cheat Mountain, went down a long run to the river, thence down the river about two miles. Leaving the river, about a mile and a half above the bridge, marched North-West to a point on the Staunton and Parkersburg road in rear of the garrison.

What follows is about the first attempt. One Monday morning in August 1861, while I was visiting the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Campbell near Hightown, Highland county Va., now the residence of Mrs. Judge Sieg, the interest of the visit was promoted by the arrival of Lieut. Thompson, on a brief furlough from Camp Bartow. From all appearances, it seemed he was a special friend of Miss Abbie Kerr, being from the same vicinity if my memory be not at fault.

Her venerable father William Kerr and herself were boarding in the family. Mr. Kerr was an aged political refugee, but it was his good fortune to have the society of his devoted daughter for much of the time he was in exile. Lieut. Thompson, the week previously was in the expedition arranged with a view to surprise and storm the Federal fortifications on Cheat Mountain near the crossing of the Parkersburg road.

Piloted by the late John Yeager jr., of top-of-Alleghany Col. Rust of 3rd Arkansas Regiment, had entered the fortifications and obtained full information as to how all was arranged. With the information thus obtained in a manner so perilous he formed the requisite plans. Having found the enemy's rear unprotected, Col. Rust was of the opinion that if an attack upon the rear should be made simultaneously with a fierce demonstration in front the Federals could be captured with comparative ease. Gen. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, was in command and he arranged for the proposed assault.

Col. Rust was put in charge and six hundred men, detailed from 3rd Arkansas, 12 Georgia and 31st, Virginia regiments to flank the Cheat garrison and take it in reverse as agreed upon, according to his suggestion. With rations for three days, Col. Rust entered upon his perilous service. By making a detour of twelve or more miles to the left of Camp Bartow he hoped to mislead, or elude the Federal scouts, reach the desired position without the enemy knowing his whereabouts and thereby gain the advantage of a complete surprise.

Much vigilance was exercised in selecting guides, all possible pains being taken to secure persons of reliable reputation for their skill in mountain craft, and the intimate acquaintance with the region to be passed over. Nothing

could seem more auspicious than the readiness and eagerness with which duly qualified guides were recommended and accepted. For some hours all proceeded well but very soon after the troops began their ascent of Cheat in their detour, a heavy rain came on and continued almost without intermission for forty-eight hours, and the conditions that followed were almost incredible. While the torrents were falling the troops had to pick their way through impassable mud, and impervious blankets of pine and laurel, their blankets and clothing drenched in rain. In many places while climbing the steep, the men had to pull themselves up by the bushes, and the roots of trees.

After toiling all day and part of the night, up and down the rugged mountains they were ordered to halt for rations and rest.

Whispered instructions were not to kindle fires lest the Union scouts should find them out. Consequently the men had to seek rest and shelter as best they might beneath trees and temporary makeshifts formed of bushes and branches of trees.

So weary these picked soldiers had become, that many if not most of them lay down just as they were when halted, and slept soundly, notwithstanding their drenched blankets, the incessant rain, and their proximity to an overwhelming force of invading Federal.

This bivouac in the trackless wilds of Cheat Mountain on this rainy night in August 1861 is manifestly one of the most pathetic and interesting of the war-times under consideration. Virginians, Georgians, and Arkansians seemed to vie with each as to who should bear and endure the most cheerfully the privations of the expedition, the loneliness and perils of their situation seemingly forgotten in their generous rivalry in the progress of the march.

But during these few hours devoted to rest, many of these noble young soldiers must have remembered by way of contrast, with emotions of pathetic tenderness, scenes of home in Georgia, Arkansas and West Virginia.

Under the authority of a leader of reckless daring, whose watch word was known to be "victory or death" it was painfully probable that of their number, some were soon to sleep their last sleep upon the gloomy summits of Cheat.

No doubt as the solemn hours flitted by, there were those who dreamed of home and for a time imagined to be secure and happy once more in the midst of home scenes dearest to us all. If my information is correct, one of those sleepers fancied in his dreams that peace had come, that he had returned home and was greeted at threshold by mother and lovely sisters, twining their arms about him in fond welcome and wept tears of ecstatic joy upon his sunbrowned cheek, when the delirium of joy, awoke him as he was sleeping with cheeks exposed to the midnight shower.

When morning dawned these devoted young veterans, pressed on and soon came to Cheat River, a mountain stream at the time over waist deep, and its waters were of icy coolness. In crossing the stream all were completely chilled and many so stiffened in their knees as to be almost past walking.

The weaker and most tired out ones were enabled to stem the heavy current by holding to the stronger men, and without much delay all had made the crossing.

The denseness of the forest the mist, and the low clouds confused the guides, and there were misgivings about the course that had been followed. Some were of the impression, that they were bearing too far to the left of the correct course, others were equally positive, that all were on the proper trail. With the latter Col. Rust agreed and the com-

mand was to quit disputing and follow him.

That night the exhausted soldiers went into bivouac at the foot of a ridge, at the summit of which it was believed the enemy's camp to be. The instructions were passed around to the effect that in the morning so soon as it might be light enough to see their way, it was Col. Rust's plan to lead his men to the attack.

All were duly cautioned to be perfectly quiet, throughout the night, and be ever ready to rally at a moment's warning should the enemy discover them and make a demonstration. At early dawn, all were in motion, resolutely climbing the ridge. At a certain silent signal, the column was halted and the troops laid aside their blankets, overcoats and haversacks, preparing for action.

Col. Rust passed on to the head of the column with reckless determination portrayed on every feature of his manly face telling his men that victory or death was the only alternative.

All seemed thrilled with a feeling of appropriate response and had it been prudent the cheers would have sent their echoes far and wide. As it was however, when the signal was given all moved promptly to the terrible duty assigned them.

And thus it was on one of West Augusta's most remote and unknown mountains, there was seemingly realized, the almost prophetic forecast attributed to Washington, when he is reported to have exclaimed in a dark hour of the first Revolution:

"Take from me my sword and give me but a banner (and the means of planting it on the mountains of West Augusta and I will rally around me the men, who will lift my bleeding country from the dust and set her free."

W. T. P.

#### Agent Skips With Funds.

C. P. Harry, agent for the Coal & Iron - R. R. and the Adams Express Company at Fishing Hawk has taken French leave of this part of the world and with him there has disappeared between four and five hundred dollars of the funds of these two companies. The absconding agent has succeeded pretty well in covering up all tracks of his escape.

Saturday August 26th, Harry came to Elkins and proceeded in less than 24 hours in losing in the neighborhood of \$250 in a poker game. His exit on No. 4 for Cumberland Sunday afternoon followed and since then the outside world has swallowed him up. The great part of the sum taken was express money, the railroad losing about \$150.

His culpability began shortly after he was appointed agent at Fishing Hawk which dates back to the latter part of July. It was only a comparatively short time after assuming charge that while out boat riding, he was washed over the dam there, and after being very dramatically rescued he gave it out that a wallet containing a hundred and some odd dollars of the C. & I's money had been lost in his chilly plunge. It is known that this was really express money and that he afterwards wrote the express people acquainting them with the loss.

It now appears that this was only a blind. The very boldness of his deed left no time or room for suspicion and he even went so far to say before leaving Elkins behind, that he had won \$250 at cards.—Enterprise.

#### Farm For Sale.

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Beard, W. Va.

#### Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass in any manner whatsoever on my lands or any land I have under lease, under penalty of the law.  
W. McCLINTIC,  
8-10-4 w Buckeye, W. Va.

#### A Happy Editor.

"Kings may be blest but Joe is glorious O'er all the ills of life victorious."

By a vote of 1118 to 660 the people of Wyoming county decided to change the county seat from Oceana to Pineville. Ever since the migration of our friend Joe Swope through Skinned Poplar Gap we have awaited developments and last week they came by a large majority. Early in the fight Col. Swope espoused the cause of Pineville, and twice has the necessary three-fifths vote been with him. "The Mountaineer," says Joseph, is certainly glad that more than three-fifths of the voters of this county is of the same opinion it is." Now who would not be happy over such a condition? When the Mountaineer takes snuff over three-fifths of the voters sneeze.

Where else on earth does any one man enjoy such singular felicity? But now certain mischievous persons, on evil bent, almost as soon as the polls were closed sought out a judge for writs of injunction, mandamus and other horrible weapons of the law. But listen to Joseph as he rears back on his haunches against the bedrock of righteousness:

"Twice now you have said Pineville shall be your county seat. That was what you meant. It was what we prophesied and advocated. The voice of the people has sounded and before that voice kings and princes have trembled and thrones have tottered. We know, and you all know that no court, no judge or no jury will make a decision contrary to the will of an overwhelming majority."

"Such a thing would be against the very fundamental principle of our government expressed in these words: "Of the people, by the people, for the people." To law now would not only be injurious and expensive to all but also would be preposterous and ridiculous. If a court of one man, or even a dozen men could set aside the expressed will of the people, then our government is a farce, law is a fake and justice a term synonymous of out-lawry, anarchy and serfdom."

No all ye who would invoke the aid of the law take that and smoke it and hang your heads in shame. It is one of the finest anathemas ever hurled at the heads of tyrants. Vox populi vox Dei and some more.

Now who of all ye band of tyrants will venture south of Skinned Poplar Gap to thwart the will of the people and destroy the felicity of the Hon. Joseph Swope! In that council of Pandemonium when it was decided to tempt our first parents to sin against the Most High, there was none who would venture on the mission save the Archfiend himself. We suggest that if the powers of wickedness would destroy this singular felicity on the Forks of the Guyan they had better not trust the mission to any less personage than this same Archfiend.—Independent Herald.

Charleston Night Train.  
It is possible that a night train from Wheeling to Charleston may come sooner than expected. Of the two routes discussed for a through train service between Pittsburgh and Hot Springs, Va., one is based on a route through Charleston, by way of the Ohio River road, between Wheeling and Point Pleasant, and thence over the Kanawha & Michigan and Chesapeake & Ohio roads. This route would furnish the night train, first suggested by the Hon. William Seymour Edwards, and later taken up by the Charleston and Wheeling boards of trade.

The other route is by way of Fairmont, Belington, Elkins, Coal & Iron, and Chesapeake & Ohio, and it is about eighty miles or so shorter. The point made in favor of the Charleston route is that it will be over roads better adapted for the running of heavy Pullman trains.

In any event the new service will be appreciated by West Virginia, but the Ohio River route would fill a long felt want in the Wheeling Charleston territory.—Intelligencer.

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